

THE
GREEN BOOK

June '34

"A Friend Indeed!"



We, the Freshman class, respectfully dedicate this May issue of the Green Book to professor Garrison. His genial spirit in the classroom, as well as his kindly smile and interested attitude, has been an inspiration to many of us. We know that we shall carry with us wherever we go the memory of his hearty laugh and merry twinkle. As a teacher he has more than fulfilled his mission, helping with deeds as well as words. His example as a Christian gentleman will remain with all of us as a challenge and guide through our remaining college years.

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MEMOR AND REMINISCENTS



- thoughts of youth



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Editorial
Carrying On

In modern science, theories are of little value, no matter how plausible they sound, if they are not workable in the laboratory. Likewise in order to derive the greatest benefit from Christian education, the ideals, concepts, and book knowledge which have become a part of us during this year, must be tried in order to ascertain and fix their true worth.


To the seniors comes the opportunity of entering the largest laboratory known--life. To the rest of us vacation gives a chance to live, in an un-sheltered atmosphere, the truths which we have gained by study and experience. Some of us will work, others rest, and others travel, but all of us shall meet problems and difficulties which our year at E. N. C. will help us to face. There may be some who will be unable to return in the coming fall, but those who find themselves thus situated should depend the more on this year's experience.

No year at E. N. C. is uneventful or void of inspiration and challenge. With new friends has come a broader and unprejudiced understanding. From a godly faculty has come instruction.--yes, but more than this, a daily example of character and high ideals.

May we grasp these precepts and principles, making them an integral part of our personalities, and enabling us to carry them on through vacation and life, in discouragement or in success.

Ideals

As you think, you travel; and as you love, you attract. You are today where your thoughts have brought you; you will be tomorrow where your thoughts take you. You cannot escape the results of your thoughts, but you can endure and learn, can accept and be glad. You will realize the vision (not the idle wish) of your heart, be it base or beautiful, or a mixture of both, for you will always gravitate towards that which you, secretly, most love. In your hands will be placed the exact results of your thoughts; you will receive that which you earn; no more, no less. Whatever your present environment may be, you will fall, remain, or rise with your thoughts, your wisdom, your ideal. You will become as small as your controlling desire; as great as your dominant aspiration.-----James Allan



The Old Swimming Hole

Back in the red hills of Georgia there is a swimming hole that provides the means of much fun for the boys that live within a radius of five miles. Every evening during the hot summer months a group of us boys would meet down by the old mill, and wait until a wagon-load of water-melons passed by. The sleepy driver of the bungling, rattling wagon would never know when several of us would slip up behind his old rig and "hook" a large juicy melon. We would then crawl behind the overflow of the dam and feast on the delicious stolen fruit.

This part of the procedure being completed, we would cut across a neck of woods, pass over a hill, and head down through the swamp to a point known as Rocky Ford. We would make a little detour from our course so as to pass through the canebrakes. Upon reaching the "bottoms" we would enter a large sugarcane patch, and after selecting a choice stalk of cane, would continue along the flats toward our destination, gnawing sweet juicy cane.

Below the ford the river narrowed and then widened and passed around an island--the head of the island being the swimming hole. When about a hundred yards from the wash hole, we would start shedding our clothes, and having cast them over a bush, we



would run the remaining distance and dive into the cool water. The muddy river had such a reddish yellowish tint that we could not see our hands a foot below its surface. The steep muddy banks were about six feet high, and the river itself was about a hundred and eighty feet across. Large trees lined the bank, and the long, moss covered limbs stretched far out above the river.

Our favorite game was "Tag", made interesting because we could climb out on a limb and dive into the water, or we could duck and come up several yards away, our pursuer finding it difficult to see us. We also played "Alligator," "Tom, Tom, pull Away," and many other exciting games. Around some of the deeper holes we would build a ladder up a tall cyprus tree and the bravest or rather the most foolish of us would dive off the platform that was about thirty or forty feet high. Some of the chances that we took in diving would have horrified a stranger, and he would wonder that we didn't kill ourselves by diving into the dark water. The real secret of our success was that we knew every stump, snag, rock, and hole in the river.

To others this swimming hole might not have much of an appeal; but to those who knew its every crook and cranny, and have spent many happy hours within its cool embrace, there will always be that same strong appeal to cool himself once more and forget the worries of life.

Saying Good-bye

Just as surely as every dream has an end, so does every summer vacation. My stay on the farm two years ago was almost like a dream and it ended almost as abruptly.

The folk who were to bring me home came for me on a day when we least expected them. I barely had time to get ready and to bid a few of my friends a brief good-by.

How I hated to leave those good old Dutch farmers! Some of them had been like fathers to me during my short visit. Their wives and daughters also liked me because I bragged about their biscuits and gravy. Many a day I had worked hard in the fields without pay because I knew that the farmers were pressed financially. After bidding each of my friends "adieu," I rode slowly back to the farm.

As I entered the yard I was greeted by the neighing of the gray colt which I had broken to the saddle. I fed her my last lump of sugar and rubbed her nose. She was a little shy of my Sunday garb, and could not seem to understand that I was leaving. This colt had really learned to love me. As we parted I bestowed a fond kiss on her sleek back.

While making the farewell rounds I almost omitted the calf which I had fed twice daily since the first day of my vacation on the farm. My young friend did not appreciate my visiting him without a milk pail. When he discovered that I had come empty-handed, he



tried to suck some nourishment out of my coat tail. Finding this a fruitless, or rather a milkless undertaking, he showed his appreciation by butting me half-way across the stall.


Saying good-bye to old Shep was almost like saying good-bye to one of the folk. He and I had become great pals. Once I had saved him from a fight with two younger dogs that were more than a match for him. Twice he had kept Jerry, the Jersey bull, from attacking me. The faithful old shepherd acted as if he understood that I was going home--at least he whinned when I tried to explain to him.

It was hard to bid farewell to the animals, but a real lump arose in my throat as I bid my cousins good-bye. We had learned to love one another after a summer of work and play together. After each day's tasks and a good supper, the whole family would gather in the front yard for a good game of croquette. Such recreation can be enjoyed only after strenuous labor.

I choked hard to keep back the tears as I took the last backward glance at the place. I was now beginning to realize that my summer's dream had come to an abrupt end.



MISS
and
OTHER
MISS



Scientists are still trying to break up the atom. Why not let Bob Mortensen play with it awhile.

Ray Quiggin says he's not particular about marrying a girl with both brains and money. He says he has brains himself.

Klein DeBow-I don't see how you can afford to buy so many girls food from Johnson's. Harry Peckham-That's easy, I always ask each girl before I go if she hasn't been putting on weight.

Ruth Thomas looking at her first windmill; "Goodness Phil, that's some electric fan out there cooling the cows."

Dentist (to Duke McDowell who has had some teeth extracted). "Never mind, Duke, they'll soon grow in again." Duke (eagerly) "Will they be up in time for dinner?"

Professor Spangenberg: "And now, Hank, what is mustard?"

Hank Reeves: "Stuff that makes a cold dinner hot without cooking it."

Buster Peavey. "Do you mind if I pull down the shade, the sun shines in my eyes."

Ruth Fader. "Aw, leave it up, the sun's good for green things."

N. Koller. "Oh, John you're so tender to-night."

John. "I ought to be, I've been in hot water all week."

Prof. Span. "This is the third time you have been late to class. Don't you know you can't stay the flight of time."

A. Scharer. "Oh, I don't know. I just stopped a couple of minutes down the street."

B. Mortenson (worried)--"Do you think I'll make her happy?"

Friend.--"Well, she's always had something to laugh at."

New Student--"pardon me, are you the History professor."

Garland.--"Shucks no! I got this tie for Xmas."

P. Lockhart.--"Mac ate something that poisoned him."

Andree.--"Croquette?"

P. Lockhart.--"Not yet, but he's very ill."

"Ah, the pause that refreshes!" said Prof. Span. when she saw the comma in the Freshman's theme.

Squires.--"Hey, Scotty, I think there is a man under the bed."

Scotty.-- "Pinna distur-r-r-rb him, and in the mornin, we'll charge him for lodgin!"

John Warren,--"Reeves calls himself a human dynamo."

Bus. peavey,--"Quite so, everything he has on is charged."

Don Tillotson,--"Dad, you're a lucky man."

Dad,--"How is that?"

Don,--"You won't have to buy me any school books this year; I'm taking all last years work over again."

Prof. Harris,--"Give me a sentence with 'Les leaux,'"

Bob Fish,--"Lay low, kid, here come the cops."

Gertrude Chapman,--"I like to hear that prof. lecture on chemistry. He brings things home to me that I have never seen before."

Edith peavey,--"That's nothing, so does the Student Laundry Agency."

Prof. (grasping a freshman by the collar)
"Young man, I believe that Satan has got a hold of you."

Prof. Haas,--"Say, Bob, do you suppose you could learn to sing tenor?"

Bob,--"Well, I guess not; I sang through a screen-door and strained my voice."

"It wouldn't take many of these oranges to make a dozen," said the Soph as he started to peel the grapefruit.

Priss,-- "We know more about this joke game than the editor."

Homer,--"That's possible."

Priss,--"Sure, he thought the stuff we submitted was original."

First senior,--"Aw, shut up."

Second senior,--"Say, you're the biggest nut in the class."

Prof. --"Sh-h-h, boys, don't forget I'm here now."

Prof. Mingleldorf,--"Why are you in this class again? I thought you were taking economics last year."

J. Warren,--"I was, but the faculty gave me an encore."

Homer Smith (as he reads home town news)

"Hey Tiny, down home even the cows are getting to be tightwads."

Tiny,--"How's that?"

H. Smith,--"It says here, local cow hides eight cents."

A. Squires (illustrating a point in his debate),--"If Miss Spangenburg were to hit a clerk on the head, because she did not wrap her bundle up, we would say she was coocoo-and that's just what's the matter."

H. Crane,--"They say phil has to sleep in a bed seven feet long."

L. Mackay,--"Aw that's a lot of bunk."



Gems From Examinations

A stadium was a form of language which the Greeks used.

An Indo-European was a person who was only half of one nationality and part of another.

A city state was a state having many cities.

The demarcation line was a line drawn between the United States and Canada.

A philosopher was a teacher of history.

Sennacherib was the one who went to the mountains and painted the hanging baskets and was a sculpturer.

Salamis was an island on which the first naval battle of the world took place.

Solomon was the king of Egypt.

The Mexican war was fought because we wanted Oregon.

Podesta was a seat of Arabian culture.

St. Patrick was an Irish nun.

A medieval guild was working in the house.

Three centers of Arabian civilization were Mecca, Babylon, and Medieval.

Bayeux Tapestry is the finest made by the Persian people.

St. Patrick was an emperor who helped spread the Catholic religion in France.

Charlemagne was emperor at Constantinople.

The Three "estates" were the domain, manor, and cottage.

Justinian was the first emperor of China.

The Three "estates" were stages of a workman; apprentice, journeyman, and master workman.

Justinian was the greatest of the Byzantium rulers, due to a great extent to his unflinching wife.

Charlemagne was an estate controlled by a lord.

Justinian was the first and greatest emperor of Persia.



Smith ---- A violent attack.
 Briggs
 Glassford_ Resting quietly.
 Jackson
 Quiggan ___ Might do well with half a chance.
 ?
 Payne ___ Slow but sure progress.
 Smith
 Lockwood _ Spasmodic attacks but this looks serious.
 Miller
 Mackay ___ Past danger.
 Neilson
 Phillips _ Nearing crises.
 Thomas
 Reeves ___ Time works wonders.
 Smith

Doctor's Report of Patients

Tracy ---- Condition unchanged.
 Thomas
 Smith ---- progressing speedily. *Cloud How*
 Sloan
 Lockhart__ Doing nicely, thank you.
 Brown
 Andree---- No disorder noticed.
 Crean
 Mann -- Chronic sufferers.
 Schrader
 Warren --- Recovering from the fall.
 Koller
 Angell---- Riding to happiness.
 Brown



Professor:

I will tell you my position--
How I once had the ambition,
To be a college graduate.
I have plugged along for three years,
And have triumphed over worries and o'er fears
But at last there comes the thought,
That maybe I will not
Ever be a graduate.

For you see there is no mystery.
Why I cannot get my history
I will give you three tries if you want to guess.
No, don't bother, Prof. I might as well confess.
Instead of passing in my papers
I've been cutting up my capers
Wasting the time away.

And my book--not for a minute
Have I had my snozzle in it
That's why I'm dumb today.
I keep saying "whats the use?"
And I have no good excuse,
I realize I must have missed my call.

I just cannot seem to study
So I guess that I am ready
To truck-drive after all.
So I guess there's no use sighin', no!
I guess there's no use cryin', no!
What good would all the worry do?
So I want to make concession
And this is my confession;
That; the fault belongs to me and not to you.

Advertisements

E. Phillips' Clippery

My haircuts are prizes,
For I've bowls of all sizes.
A good haircut, and something more;
The dope on the latest baseball score.

- - - - -

Arlene's Infirmary

A pill for every cough and sneeze
For every boil, a gentle squeeze
(Years of experience, modern equipment.)

Hanson's Hanky House

Hankies and shirts,

Stockings and skirts

Our terms are square

For fair and unfair.

(visitors are always welcome)...

- - - - -

Evylyn's Beauty Salon

Does that straight hair misbehave?

Does the boy friend stew and rave?

Let me give you a permanent wave.

(Satisfaction guaranteed or your hair straight back.)

Roswell and Roger

Our goods are no worse

... For tummy than purse.

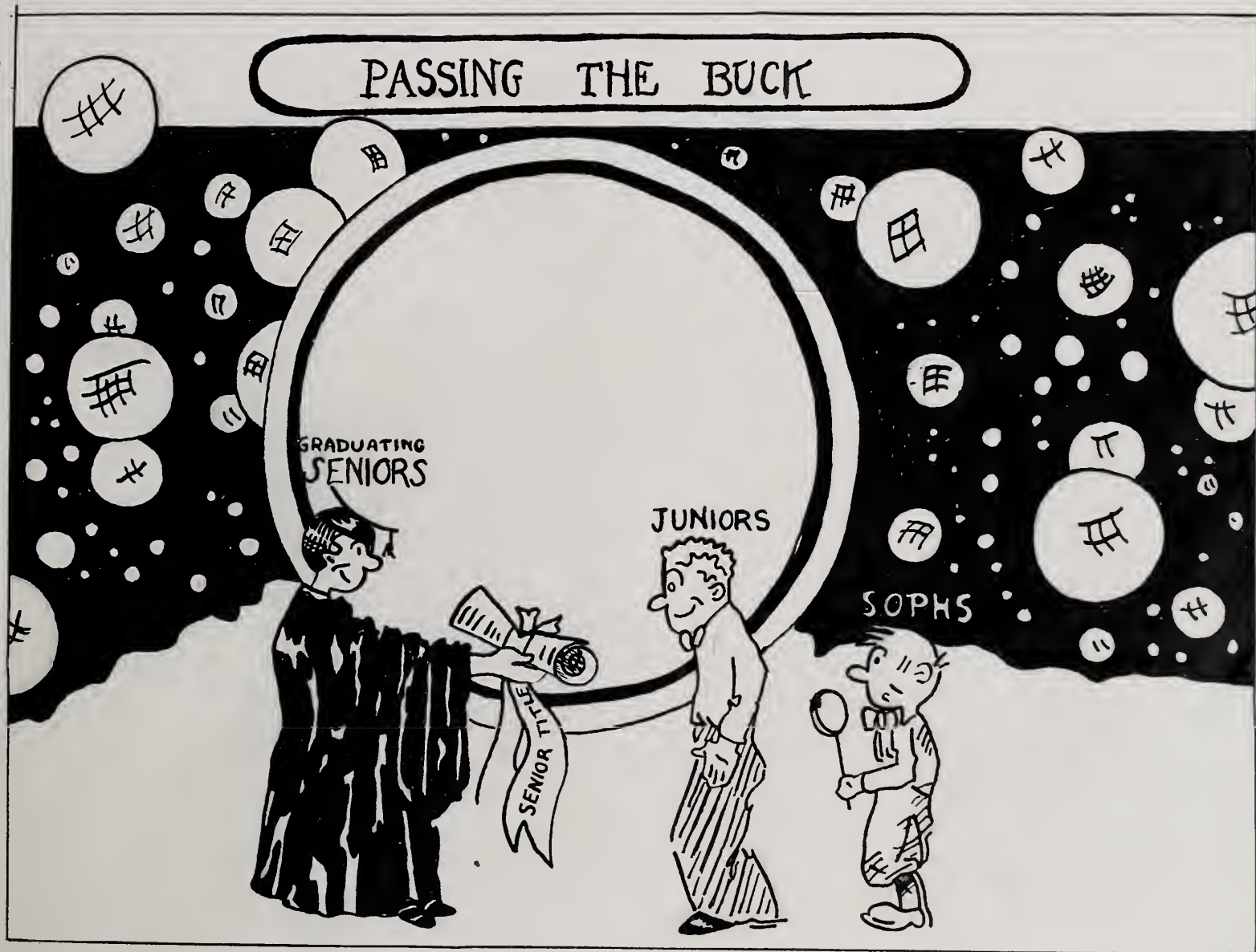
(Ask the squirrel who eats here.)

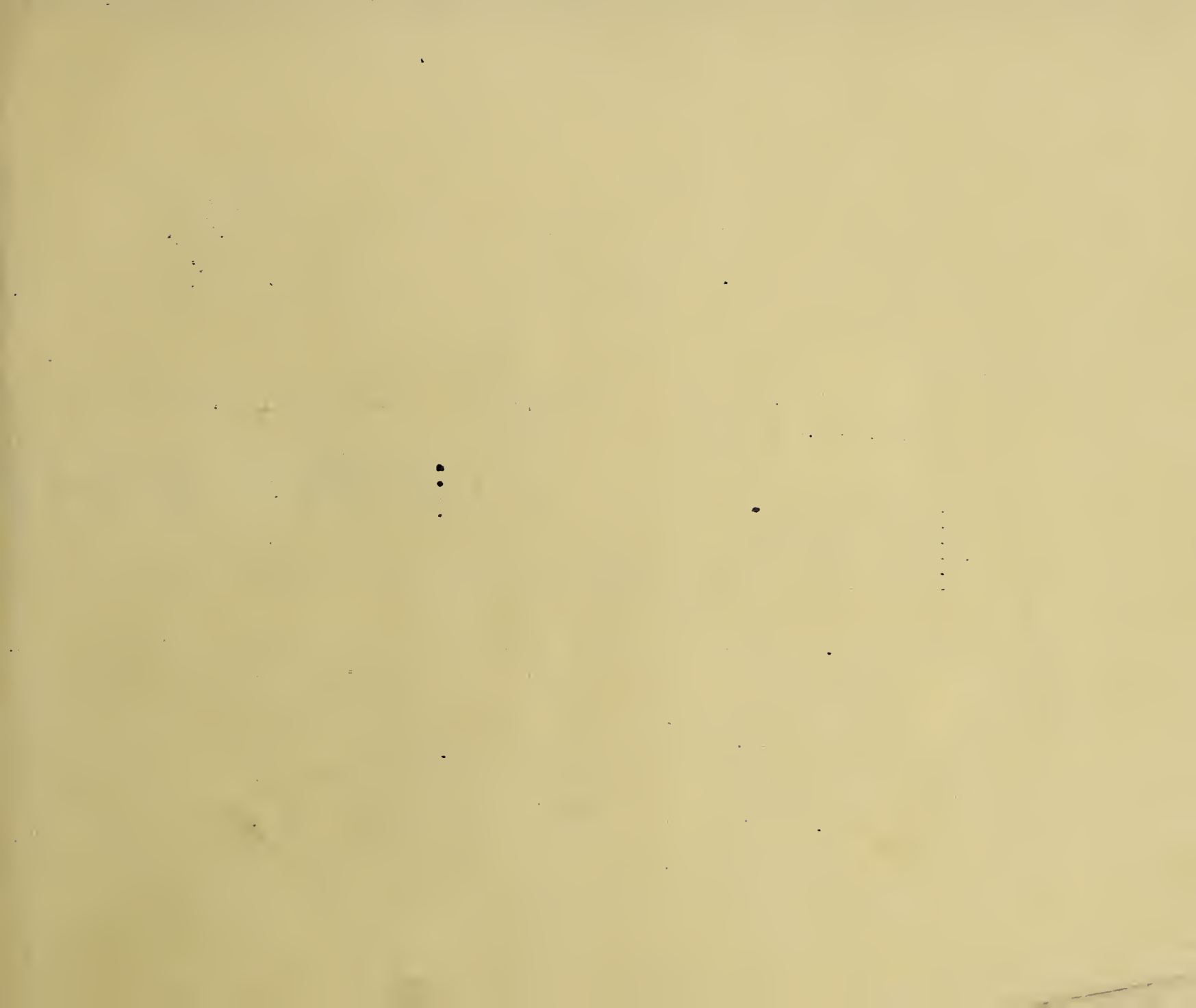
(Our terms are cash.

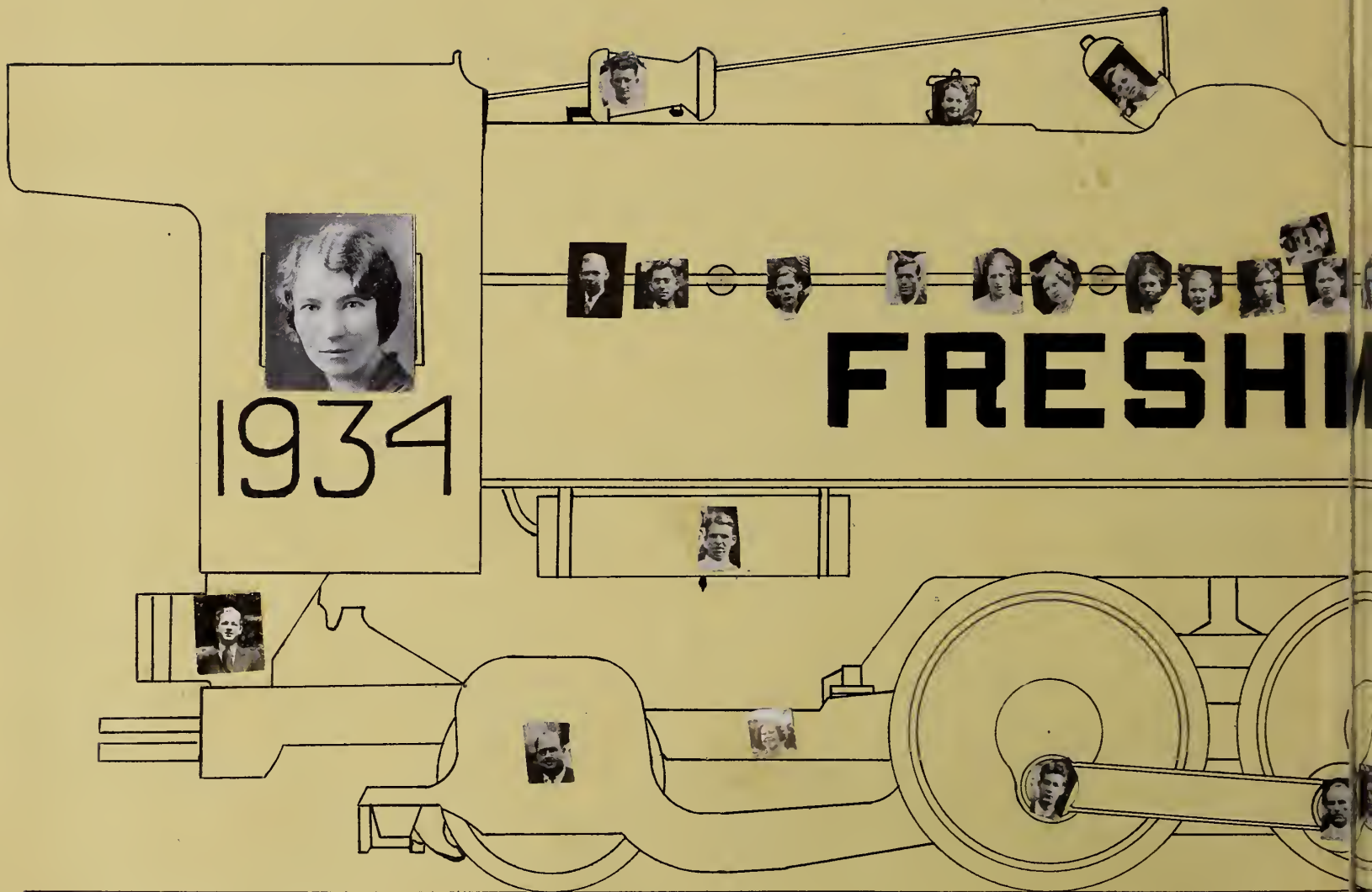
We like your face,

But it is not legally tender.)

PASSING THE BUCK





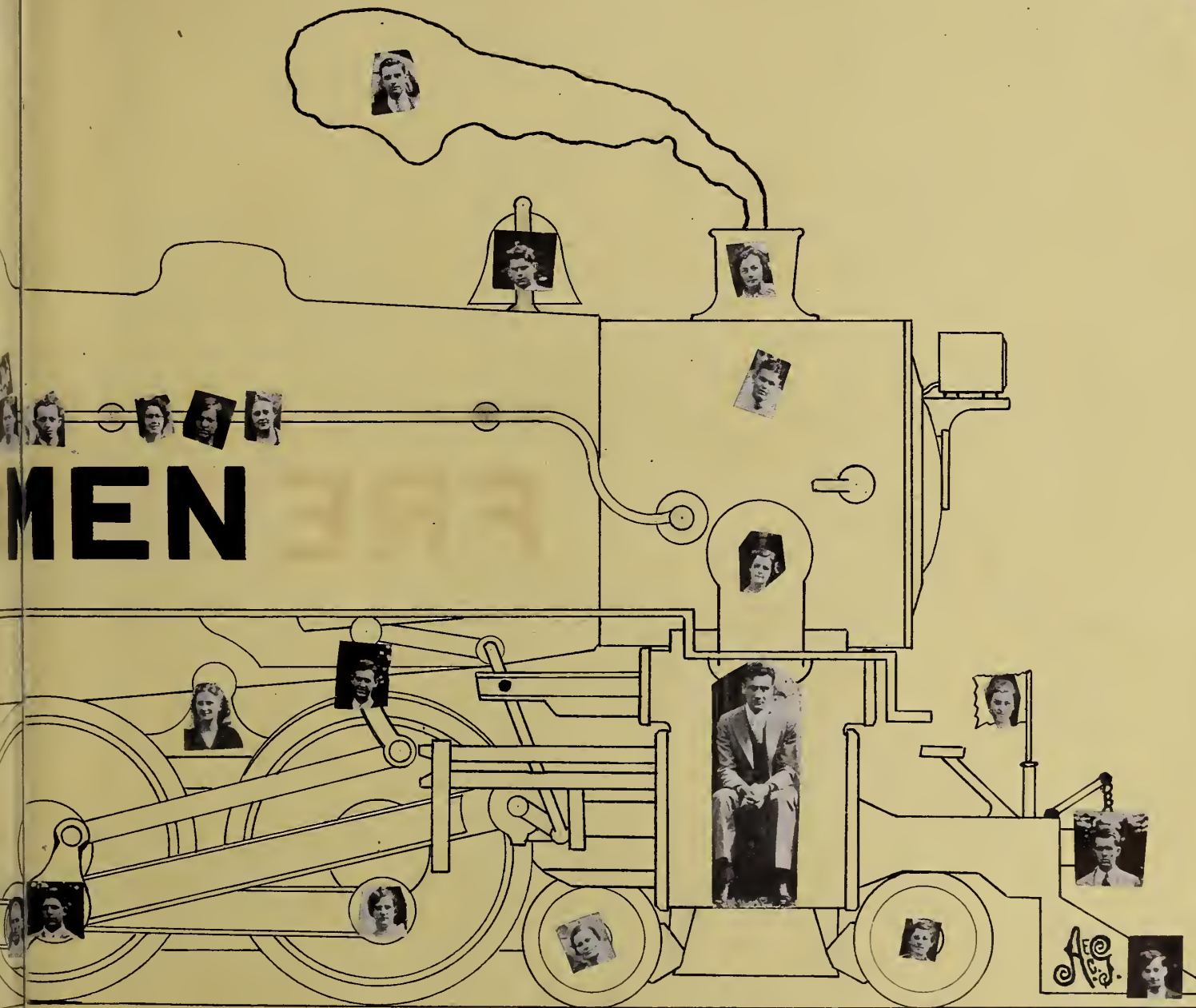


1934


FRESHMAN



MEN








In Defence of Chewing Gum

Now you would hardly believe that such an innocent and harmless habit as chewing gum would need to be defended at all, would you? But it seems that in some communities this mild form of indecency is severely frowned upon, or regarded with stern disapproval. And there are some people who will go as far as to insinuate that a young lady who chews gum does not possess even a normal degree of intelligence.

For some time I was undecided upon the matter myself. Whenever I stooped to purchase a package of Wrigley's, I looked first to the right and then to the left to be perfectly sure that there was no one around to observe my iniquity. Then, having purchased the abominable article, I kept it well out of sight, permitting myself to indulge only on very rare and very special occasions.

But the day came when I began to feel that gum-chewing was nothing to be ashamed of, after all. Such reliable periodicals as the Saturday Evening post, the Ladies Home Journal, and Good Housekeeping suddenly took a very decided stand in favor of my pet vice. With all sincerity and boldness they brought forward first one argument, and then another. I was delighted to discover that other intelligent people, besides myself, felt the same way about this charming old custom.

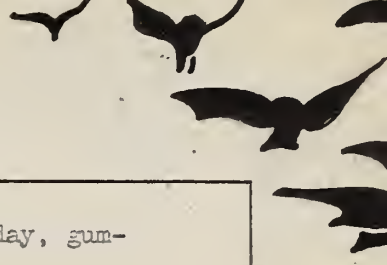


In the first place, chewing gum whitened the teeth. And who would not much rather have pearly white teeth, than ugly, dingy teeth? No price is too great to pay for this valuable asset to personal appearance, and, surely, when beautiful white teeth may be secured by means of a package of Wrigley's, no one is justified in going without them.

Next, chewing gum aids digestion. I cannot say just exactly how it manages to keep that complicated process along, but evidently it has something or other to do with the operation. At least, when as trustworthy a magazine as The Ladies Home Journal devotes an entire page to the declaration of that fact, I do not feel inclined to dispute the truth of the matter.

Then, chewing gum sweetens the breath. Words fail to express the awful ravages of halitosis. Who has not heard of the homes which have been disrupted; of the unfortunate young ladies and gentlemen who have languished in solitude and in silence because they were afflicted with this modern, twentieth century evil; of the wee, helpless babies, who have shriveled into their pink blankets and wept bitterly because their unsuspecting mothers attempted to kiss them; of the young lady who never had more than one date with the same young man? All these dreadful things can be simply and agreeably remedied by the consistent use of Wrigley's--without pain, and with very little expence.

And, finally, who could conceive of a more inexpensive and practical sport than




chewing gum. Regardless of the weather, the season of the year, or the time of day, gum-chewing is always possible. Out-door sports are to be participated in when the weather is fine, and in-door sports are desirable when the weather is bad; but here is a pastime which can be enjoyed in the summer or the winter, whether it rains or whether it shines.

Wearing New Shoes

Of course I wanted the shoes I told my mother as much when she advised having my old ones repaired. I didn't say, actually, that I wanted or needed them, but I think mother understood.

Secretly for a long time I had been carefully noting whether a certain pair of shoes remained in the shop window. They were "two-toned"--brown and white; and I was foreseeing the day when I could walk in the store with my three dollars, and claim the shoes as my own. Now that I had the opportunity, I wondered if the shoes would have the same appeal for me. I wondered, too, if they had been removed from the window and sold to another customer--perhaps even to the one who was my rival in love. However, I found a happy solution to both problems, as soon as I neared the store, for the shoes were there, as polished and glittering



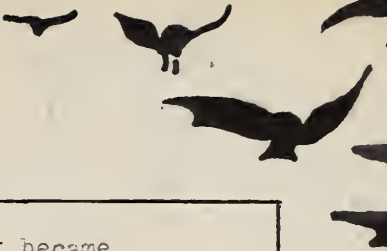
as ever, with the sun streaming upon them through the plate glass window.

I more them to the party that night with conflicting emotion and sensation, both subjective and objective, as we shall see.

Haircut; my brother's tie; a new suit, two weeks old; my father's gloves; and the shoes; these were reasons enough to think that Bob would cause me no more trouble. Jane would be as easily won over as are the girls who are entranced by an army officer's uniform, especially because of the shoes. For even if a fellow is good-looking--and I don't mean that "clothes make the man"--his appearance might be made more favorable by something as handsome as a new pair of brown and white shoes.

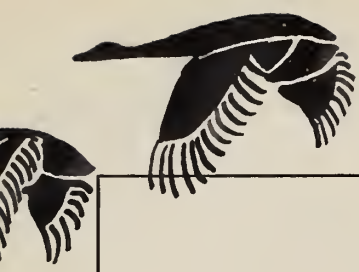
At any rate, I left for the party with the creaking of the shoes sounding comfortably in my ears seeming to whisper, "Jane is mine," I would almost involuntarily pause at each arc light and admire the shoes, and there were not very many shop windows that I passed without trying to catch the reflection of myself.

This procedure continued, almost as if ordered, until I had passed four or five street lights, when suddenly I noticed an annoying tinge around my toes. I had been subconsciously aware of the annoyance for some time before this, but the sensation hadn't penetrated very deeply, because it was not sharp enough to rise above the pleasant thoughts



and feelings that anticipation of the party was bringing. Consequently, when I became abruptly and fully aware of the pain it had begun to be exceedingly vexing. I wondered if I had injured my foot when I had gone swimming that day, but it wasn't that kind of hurt; it was rather a cramped, uncomfortable, heated pain. However, I set it down as being caused by some injury and proceeded blithely on my way, until I felt more and more the pain. All at once, I stopped and dejectedly allowed the dawning light to flood my brain. The shoes! They were the imps of pain!

I tried to forget, but, like an aching tooth, soreness was still there. Finally, after a minute; vacillation, which resulted in dashing all my hopes of favor from Jane, and in increasing my jealousy of Bob. I gave up in despair. I stooped, rashly pulled off my shoes, and ran home in vexation, wishing never again to hear the words, "new shoes."



Sargent Hall

(Boston Public Library)

"--And this, my dear, is the famous frieze of the prophets," puffed the stout lady as she pointed her lorgnette toward the painting in question.

Her companion seemed unimpressed.

"Can't you somehow just feel the influence of the French school in the characters?" persisted the important looking woman.

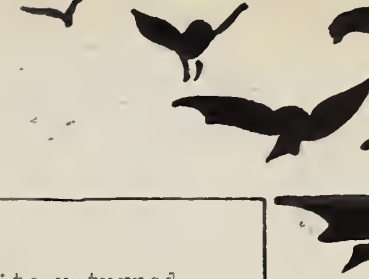
"Mamma! mamma!" interrupted a youngster, "when are we going home? I'm hungry and I wanna play with Spot."

"Hush, darling! we're going very soon, just as soon as Auntie Grace shows us the pretty pictures. What were you saying Grace? Which one of the prophets do I like best? Well now let me see, I think I prefer that one with the fisherman's hat and sou'wester."

"Ma, oh ma, will ya get me an ice cream cone, will ya ma? I don't wanna look at pictures, I wanna ice cream cone."

The stout lady ushered her guests down the stairs to see the "Flight of the Hours"--with Johnny now wailing for candy.

As they disappeared, my attention was drawn to a frail little woman, garbed in



black, who stood before "Our Lady of Sorrows." Tears rolled slowly down the white upturned face, and the colorless lips murmured.

"Mother of God, you too have known sorrow. You too lost your Son."

Resurrection

I passed by a stagnant pool and saw nought but green slime and fetid rottenness. ----

I passed by once again and lo, a pearly lily floated on the murky depths.



The Country Store

When I was eleven years old, my parents and I lived in a little village. There was only one store in the community. It had a billboard front with a large platform for a porch. When one would enter the store a variety of odors would assail his nostrils.

Clyde Burton was the clerk. I remember yet the day in early spring when I, still tender-soled from the season's first casting off of shoes and stockings, pattered across the splintery floor between the rows of barrels and boxes with my mother's list of food stuffs clutched in my hand, to be confronted by the eyeless stare of his dark glasses and the banter of his cheery voice.

"What for you sir?"

"A pound of butter and a bottle of vanilla, and a small sack of meal and..."

And he went hurrying among the shelves and counters, reaching a sure hand into the right corner, assembling and sacking my order quickly, and filled out a charge slip in a legible if slightly sprawling hand.

Stepping Stones

Since we are all human, we are all liable to make mistakes. There come times in our lives where we realize that a wrong path has been taken and that in order to continue on the upward way we must humbly retrace our steps and confess our mistakes. At the moment when we realize our error, our heart beats rapidly and a sense of self disdain possesses us. Immediately, however, we should ask forgiveness and, upon receiving it, should just as quickly start forward. If viewed courageously, sorrow will turn to joy. Our experience will become a stepping stone to a higher plane of strength of character than that on which we stood before. Small tumbledowns will always lead to higher heights for the one who is living this life of adventure with the purpose of reaching the goal.

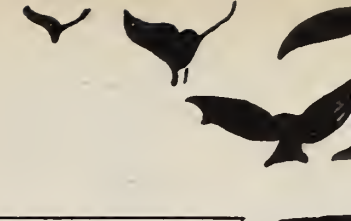


Mother Knows Best

How often I have heard that phrase "Mother knows best" which, if not a traditional maxim, has become one by usage, at least in our household. Of course she does know, I suppose, because her experience is far wider than a child's but I think that any parent who continually presses upon her children's minds the fact that they cannot judge what is right and wrong creates in them a sort of inferiority complex, a sense of midocrity which, if continued, will blunt their senses of judgment and discernment. The child begins by obeying because he is afraid something drastic will happen if he disobeys ("something drastic "will happen if he is not past the punishing age.)

This "something" with which every child is, or usually, well-acquainted, is where the cruelty appears. If the child has no mishap and is not punished because he got into trouble, he is punished for disobeying. perhaps it was merely judging for himself, but mother thinks otherwise.

Sonny is enjoying an afternoon luncheon of bread and jam, a delicacy which is the solution of almost every hungry school-boy's problem. He has just come in for his third piece when mother stops him. "No Sonny, you have had enough now. Wait until your dinner is ready." What can be more cruel, where a boy and something to



to eat involved? How does she know when Sonny has had enough? She adds further, "And I don't want to see you cross that highway again. Speeding motorists don't watch for twelve-year-olds." poor Sonny! The boys are all playing baseball on the other side of the highway. He argues, pleads, and reasons at intervals for a half hour without any response, until finally she must have seen the unreasonableness of her judgment for she concedes to let him cross over once and come back when he is finished. The little fellow triumphantly runs out only to find that the "gang" has broken up and he is left alone. He returns home dejectedly. Then, after the enimitable fashion of her kind, his mother presents him with his third piece of bread and jam. It is this generosity of maternal love that makes up for all the seeming cruelty of her heart.

As yet the "father side" of the story has been neglected. It is on him that mother depends to punish the children. "Wait till your father comes home" is a favorite threat and Father must seem a cruel person to the child who meets this threat almost every day of his young life. Sometimes I think it must be that "father knows best" too, for very often the punishment is overlooked, whether Mother agrees or not. Often his judgment overbalances hers, even though he is silent during most family rouses. But after all, it is Mother who "runs" the family for she "knows best."



Father Time's Vengeance

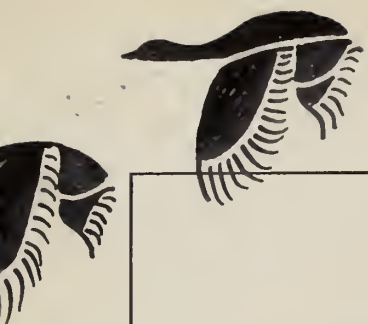
Old Father Time's noisy offspring suddenly bursts the stillness surrounding the sleeper. His call is harsh and mechanical, as he summons the relaxed form to arise and begin his work.

The listener to this metallic call lazily opens one eye, extends his hand from beneath the covers, and shuts off this little disturber of peace and quiet. After a few sighs and complex movements, the covered form falls again into the arms of Morpheus.

The voice of Father time has been disregarded and cast aside, but he will have his vengeance on this sleeping mortal, when he awakes to find that Father Time has not lingered for him to bestir himself, but has continued in his well beaten path around the globe.



- reflections



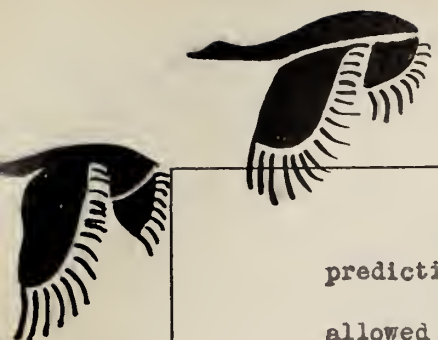
THE JOYS OF CAMPING

Copson Park, in Leslie, Maryland holds its place among the best in the world to me-yes, among the very best. It is the site of an annual camp-meeting, a beautiful spot cleared from the center of the forest itself. Here the crickets chirp, Bob-o-links call their mates, and crows, squirrels, and chipmunks keep their nests. So much of nature, of God's own creation, makes us hallow the place. As we entered the grove, a peaceful stillness and a sense of the force of nature creates a spiritual stillness and a sense of the force of nature creates a spiritual atmosphere never found in a church.

As we walk through through the woods, once in a while we hear the strains of a hymn, or the preacher's voice mingling with the sounds of nature in the quiet forest. Very seldom, then, do we talk loudly, or break into boisterous laughter. Our hearts are solemnized, but our joy is heightened by a sense of the reality of God as we ramble about so close to nature. Men have been known to come into real and close contact with God by merely contemplating on His creations. Great revivals have started and been carried on in the forest, the preacher using as his platform a large stump, and the people sitting on rough logs. Surely, then, it is not presumption to say that God seems closer

and more real when we worship him in the woods where everything reminds us of him.

But our attitude is not always one of worshipping God. Sometimes it is one of enjoying nature. When only a few families are living on the grove, sometimes, after a day of swimming, canoeing, or fishing, we gather together for an evening's pleasure. Then when night has darkened the woods, when the trees let only a sprinkling of moonlight shine through on us, when the shadows lend a magic touch to the starlit summer night, we gather wood for a bonfire. For there's enchantment in a camp-fire, when the logs are blazing bright. We gather around the glowing fire and toast frankfurts and marshmallows. The intense hotness of the summer day is relieved after dark by a gentle breeze, a calm coolness. We despise the city, we dismiss it from our minds. The sweet smell of the huckleberries growing near by mingles with the fragrance of the flowers growing everywhere. Sometimes we join in games around the fire; sometimes we sing hymns and choruses to the accompaniment of the guitar and ukelele. Our voices, blending in the night air, make us forget the cares and worries of the day; we forget the past and the future, and revel in the pleasures of the present. Our hearts' pains are soothed, our hopes and aspirations mount high while we sit around the glowing embers, singing, or staring at the fanciful pictures in the fire. Some of them may seem to be



predictions of the future, some seem purely imaginary, but even our imaginations are allowed to run free in the solemn but happy spirit of the hour. There's a spell about a camp-fire which we never can forget.

Thus each day has its pleasures, its inspirations, its happiness, out there away from everything man-made, and close to the things of God's own creation.

Four Things a
man must learn to do, if
he would make his record
true; To think without
confusion, clearly; To
love his fellow men sin-
cerely; To act from hon-
est motives purely; To
trust in GOD and HEAVEN
securely.--

Henry Van Dyke.

Just Shifting

please don't mistake me. I never said that teachers were cruel to their students, but--well, what would you say if this happened to you?

It was the first period class in the morning; and that wouldn't be so bad if it only began at a respectable hour. But eight o'clock--and can you imagine being fit to recite in a class without first having quieted the gnawing pains of your stomach? But breakfast is served at seven. The hour is, of course, ridiculous; and it is probably for the convenience of those who stay up all night to study. Most of the rest satisfy their cravings with realistic dreams of bacon and eggs. And from the standpoint of bacon and eggs, the dream would be far more acceptable than the actual breakfast. Now I didn't say that I didn't enjoy our E. N. C. breakfasts--if I have studied all night so that I would be up at seven. I merely implied that, for our very early morning meal, we don't have bacon and eggs. As a matter of fact, I'm not so particularly fond of bacon, anyhow, and the way my mother makes omelets spoils me for anyone else's eggs. I mean for the eggs that anyone else cooks--fried, boiled, saladed, omeleted, or however they are prepared.


Now if you have finished your breakfast, we will continue with the complaint.



Because I was late to class, and then only fifteen minutes late, the teacher wondered--even wanted to know why. However, as I thought a private conversation would produce more favorable results, I restrained the angry retort that rushed to my lips, and sat down. But I want you to know, my dignity was insulted--or perhaps it was my sense of justice. That I, breakfastless, should be to blame for being late to an eight o'clock class was, like the breakfast hour, ridiculous. My mother never made me get up before ten, and on some days I would be served in bed, thereby sleeping again until noon. You see, I had a tutor and never went to the common high school.

Certainly I hadn't prepared the lesson; they took pictures for the "prospectus" the day before. Besides, the weather was too ideal for anyone to study, and I do like to play tennis. Then when evening came I was tired, much too tired to concentrate upon bookish material. So I went to bed.

perhaps there was a chance, a slight chance, that during that time I might have studied--somewhat. But when I asked my roommate to call me at a quarter of six, and he himself didn't get up at five as he intended, I was disgusted. He was up and dressed by seven, but I wasn't. I couldn't help it if he failed to call me; so I just stayed in bed and slept. Is it any wonder that I wasn't prepared?



I didn't like it, either, when the teacher showed such a queer, wounded expression on her face because I couldn't answer a question. I don't remember now what the question was, and I don't care, for--well, what would you say, if---

A Battle With The King Of Fish


One night after rigging up my light-weight casting outfit, I walked down to the corner of the sea wall where the Gulf of Mexico and the Atlantic meet. The ocean was very calm and the stillness was broken only by the gentle lapping of waves against the sea wall. The full moon and darkness were engaged in a sky battle, which seemed to be a losing fight for the queen of the night, but every time the elfs of darkness would draw their gloomy brushes across the land, the moon would rally her chariots of gold and repaint the earth with luminous rays.

This night there seemed to be a feeling of mystry in the air, and I'm not sure that I didn't long for some companions; but as the scurring clouds allowed the moonlight to again dispell the darkness, I regained my courage. I then cast my artificial minnow out from shore about forty yards and gave the handle a couple of turns, when I felt my line



tighten and saw a large tarpon break water. A chill of terror passed up my spine as I realized that I had only about thirty feet of line left. I also saw that I must check his first mad plunges for freedom. He went into a series of leaps, scarcely touching the water. Each jump shortend my reserve line and the only way that I was able to stop his mad rush was by placing an almost breaking strain on the line. His telling efforts carried him close to the sea wall, and I managed to regain some line by winding in as I walked in his direction.

After a half an hour, I began to wonder if it was possible to "wear him down." I had to work for every inch that I gained, and, after pulling him in about thirty or forty feet, he would take all that I had gained in a few dashes. This plunging monster would sail across the waves in tremendous jumps, trying all the while to dislodge the supposed meal, which turned out to be a powerful and sharp-toothed demon. At last it seemed that man had conquered for I was able to draw this large mass of silver near the wall. I stopped over to slip a small rope through his gills, when he made a last desperate lunge. The line snapped leaving me with only another fish story.



The Most Beautiful Beach

The squawking of the sea-gulls and the bright sun shining in my face brought me to a sitting position. Where was I? What was I doing there? Then, a pleasant sensation went through me as I remembered that I was at Old Orchard Beach for a short vacation. My bedroom was the a screened in porch on the second floor of the cottage.

Still sitting upright I looked straight ahead to the ocean. There it stretched as far as the eye could see. Although I couldn't trace the outline of the breakers, I could hear their faint roar breaking upon the shore. What a day to be alive!

Already I was "raring" to go. I began to think of an early morning dip. However, there was only one other who felt this urge. Together we ran to the beach. There were the sea-gulls, a dog, and the two of us. For miles the white sand lay gleaming in the sun; the deep blue waves sparkled as they leaped to meet us. Far out at sea a lone ship was silhouetted against the misty gray sky. I stood still for one moment drinking in the (fresh) crisp, salty air. Then I plunged into the water. Immediately every nerve was tingling; I felt like a different person.

Ten minutes later my friend and I walked briskly home. After we had satisfied our ravenous appetites we again headed for the beach. Thus we passed the day, swimming,



playing tennis, and walking.

But night comes all too quickly after a busy day, and we were soon making our way to the center of interest at night, "The pier." This was another phase of Old Orchard Beach, another one of the beauties of this summer resort. As we walked out on the long pier, on one side were shops of all descriptions; gift shops, game stores, frozen custard stands, and gambling booths. Overhead bright stars lit up the blue black sky. On the other side of the pier, we could look straight out to sea. The full moon illumined the whole scene; it made a golden path on the dark ocean. It cast dark shadows on the white sand which was being covered by the incoming tide. We leaned on the railing and gazed; then, reluctantly we turned to go home.

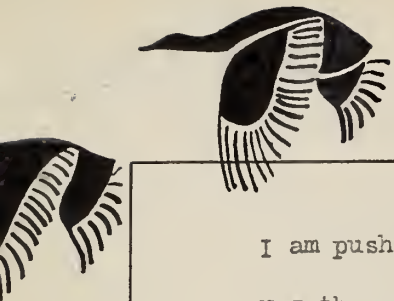
Cosmopolitan New York

I come up from the griping subway exit, one of a multitude of hastening travelers. The crowd that swarmed forth has already merged into the much larger mass of humanity that covers the city streets. Tall buildings, skyscrapers, strive upward around me. My eyes are blinded with ~~sunshine~~. Automobile horns honk shrilly. Everywhere people are hastening in all directions.

I walk down Fifth Avenue toward Forty-second street. The large, solid stone library which looms up ahead is mute in the midst of the bustle. Several expanses of stone steps lead up to its entrance. Hurrying feet of all types of people tread rapidly over them. The reclining marble lions on either side gaze complacently on the hurrying throngs below.

I reach the corner and stop. The traffic light is green and I gaze in interest at the speeding vehicles before me. Taxis, buses, and touring cars move on swiftly. The policeman, calm in the very forum of the street, signals them mechanically.

The light changes; the crowd moves. I am borne along in its press. Shop windows of all types go by in panoramic view. Suddenly the bellowing blasts of an orchestra from a radio loud-speaker at the top of a store, add new tones to the general commotion.



I am pushed past the place without ever seeing its window. Several other shapes pass by. Now the atmospheric sounds resemble the distant roar of a surging ocean.

Once more I reach the curb. This time I push my way back to the shelter of a corner drug store. I stand alone. The street on the right appears much less crowded and I turn down it thoughtfully. For the first time since the subway exit, I am able to view the buildings that I pass.

An attractive florist's window first arrests my attention. Its decorations of silver and blue shine forth in the sunlight. A clerk deftly arranges additional groups of flowers.

Next to the flower shop is a restaurant. Odors of fried bacon and freshly-made coffee scent the air. A hungry-faced man gazes wearily inside. He is almost well-dressed but his clothes hang loose about his noticeably thin body. A newsboy joins him and they smile in mutual understanding. I hasten on remorsefully.

After I pass several clothes shops in silent meditation, my curiosity is again aroused by a large, red-bordered window front. Several others, similar in appearance and display, stretch out toward the corner. Replete with varied and attractive articles, they make me reluctant to move on. But I finally do, and as I approach the corner,

notice several people gazing up at the building across the street. On the second floor of its large glass window are living models moving about in mechanical rotation.

I survey the street again. The crowd is still thick and jostling. Business men, fashionable ladies, chorus girls, unemployed foreigners, and all peoples of all walks of life travel the way together. Once more I become a part of it all. I enjoy the thrill of being one in this steadily moving tide of humanity. This is cosmopolitan New York.

Turkey and Mince pie

One beautiful Thanksgiving morning we children bounded out of bed at eight o'clock when mother called us. The sun was streaming in my window making the carpet a pool of golden light. The slight breeze gently blew the lace curtains at the window and seemed to caress lovingly the feather fern on the window sill. The birds twittered in the branches of a near-by tree, and in the street the chatter of merry children was punctuated by the sharp of a puppy. I instantly realized it was a warm, balmy Indian Summer day, and a

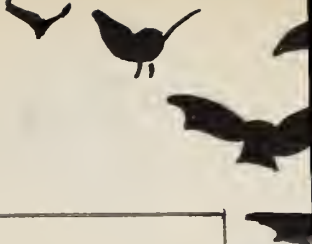


holiday too.

Hurriedly I dressed in a little summer frock and put on a clean white apron that I might help mother in the kitchen. After the breakfast dishes were cleared away, we went through the house once more, picking up the few things that had been left around-- a pencil, last night's news paper, a dead fern leaf, little sister's doll, and a book. The couch was straightened, the blinds pulled down half-way, the beds made and clean towels put in the bathroom and as I surveyed the whole I realized we were now ready for the company, our city relatives that we see only once a year--Thanksgiving.

Savory odors were stealing upstairs from the kitchen. The turkey was in the oven browning, the mince and pumpkin pies had just emerged from the hot den. My appetite began to increase as I helped set the table with shiny silver and a white cloth. The butter plates were on, the water glasses filled, the nuts, pickles, olives, celery and individual salads were fixed attractively in their places and there was nothing to do but wait for the rest of the meal to cook and the company to arrive. The waiting seemed eternity when one's appetite was so enormous.

I felt I could stay no longer in the kitchen with the sounds and delicious smells unless I ate something, and I had been forbidden "to pick." I stepped outside the back



door and my feet wondered down the garden path to the pergola. There as I stooped down, I caught the odor of fresh earth, reminding me of spring time and my eyes beheld a tiny violet. I plucked the delicate flower from its setting and with some chick-weed for the canary bird, hurried back to the house, to find that the company had arrived. After putting the out-of-season flower in a little bottle in front of mother's place for a surprise, I slipped out of my apron to greet them.

A spirit of true festivity was in the air. Everyone was laughing and chatting at once. Soon mother excused herself, beckoned to me, and we went to the kitchen. Daddy followed and mashed the potatoes and we were ready to eat.

Everything became silent as we bowed our heads for the blessing. Tears sprang to my eyes as I thought of the things I really had to be thankful for--a beautiful day, the wonderful meal before us, the blessings of the year, home, friends, and Christian parents.



The South Shore

I was cold. I was sinking in the sand. But I was enthralled by the view before my eyes.

The ocean stretched as far as I could see, blue as the bluest sea, but made exceedingly rough by the wind. The white capped waves rose and fell, rose and fell, until at last they reached the shore and collapsed for the last time.

Very far out several cliffs could be seen faintly, standing firmly in the water and wind. Nearer were two more cliffs. On one was some snow and ice, making it look very much like a huge white mansion. However, on the other was a real little cabin, which I guessed to be a fisherman's hut.

The sea was very, very noisy. I could hear nothing else but its roar and splash.

The rather cloudy sky formed an excellent background for my picture. It looked very stern and grim as the wind tormented the sea.

Lower and lower I was sinking into the sand, until suddenly I realized that the tide was coming in, and in but a few minutes that raging ocean would be upon me. I turned quickly and made my way back to the road. Ah, the power of that mighty sea!

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